

Merry Christmas, Ma Chere

by CN

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Summary: Bijou sits by the frozen lake when someone comes and talks to her. [Oneshot] Implied HamtaroBijou Very important Authoress Note inside.

Merry Christmas, Ma Chere

Ok, before I start, there's something you should know.

1) I am not Celestial Night, and you'll ask why I'm telling you this in a few minutes after you read the next few parts of my Author's Note. Before you get any ideas, yes, my name's CN, but the thing is, I named myself after Celestial Night. Once again, I am not Celestial Night!

2) Yes, I did use one of Celestial Night's original characters, but before any of you criticize me for plagiarism, you have to know that I emailed her and asked for her permission to use the characters. If you don't believe me, you can ask her yourself.

3) If any of you have never heard of Celestial Night and her masterpiece, "My Fake Fiancée", where have you been!

Ok seriouslyâ€¦MFF revolves around Hamtaro and Bijou faking marriage to prevent Bijou from marrying her evil fiancé, André, whom she had been engaged to since birth. Now, like I just said, André is an evil Ham-Human, and Celestial Night went to great lengths to portray how evil he could be in her story. But I, however, was intrigued by his character, so therefore, I asked Celestial Night if I could use him in a plot bunny of my own, showing a slightly more gentle side to him. Celestial Night responded to my email, telling me that André would be OOC if he was any bit gentle, but she gave me her permission nevertheless.

Now, for those of you who really have never heard of Celestial Night, a year ago, she posted an Author's note saying that she would never write for Hamtaro again since so many people were taking her ideas

and using them for her own. In honor of her and the holiday season, I wrote this.

André is a trademark OC of Celestial Night. All other characters in this story belong to R. Kawaii.

****Note:**** The characters are Ham-Human in this fic.

****Summary:**** As Bijou sits beside the frozen lake, André comes and visits her.

(P.S.: For the third time, I'm not Celestial Night!)

* * *

>Bijou brought her knees up to her face as she looked over the frozen lake. She pressed her back against the bench and brought the cup of cocoa up to her lips.<p><p>

"Oooohhhh! Much too hot!" she cried as she drew the cup away from her mouth. Instead, she watched the moonlight glimmer over the surface of her drink. It was because of these occasions that she loved winter nights.

She nearly fell asleep watching the white blanket of snow that only seemed to grow brighter as the night got darker. She would have fallen asleep with her cup still in her hands, had he not interrupted.

"Excuse moi, Mademoiselle?"

Bijou's eyes blinked open, and, surprised, she jumped up and dropped the drink onto the snow-covered field, giving the snow a tan hue.

"Oh my. I'mâ€|errâ€|sorry, Bijou! Would you like me to get another drink for you from the villa?" He asked, apparently as flustered as her, as Bijou picked up the empty cup from the ground.

Bijou sighed, clutching the cup in her hands. "No, André, but thank you anyway," she answered, sitting back onto the bench, her back now to him.

"Quite a lovely sight, the lake," he said, coming around the bench and brushing off the snow beside Bijou. "May I sit?" he asked.

"Ummâ€|of course, André," she replied, also brushing aside some snow with her gloved hand. When he sat, the two of them stared off into the lake, Bijou once again feeling tired by the sight of the snow-layered lake.

"It would be wonderful to skate on soon," André said as he looked at the lake.

Bijou's Ham-Human ears twitched in curiosity. "But it's not frozen yet! Our skates would simply break through the snow and we would fall into the icy water!" She looked at him skeptically.

"I never said let's skate on it now, Ma chere, I said soon, remember?"

This is just like you! Constantly rushing into things and conclusions!"

Bijou looked away from Andr  . Speaking into her empty cup, she spoke, "You haven't called me that for so long."

Andr   looked at her profile and then quickly brought his attention back to the lake. "I thought it would be out of place since you are engaged to Hamtaro now  "

"I cannot wait until Christmas Eve, when he comes here!" She exclaimed as a smile played on her lips.

"You have not let us forget that he is coming," Andr   reminded, folding his hands across his chest. "I see no point in him coming to our Christmas party. It has always been more of a   family thing."

"He will be family soon enough, Andr  ," Bijou told him. "You and Hamtaro simply got off on the wrong foot when you two first met. I'm sure that the Holiday Spirit will bring you two to somewhat nicer terms."

Andr  's scoffing was her only reply.

"Forgive me for being an optimist," she mumbled.

"No, no, Madameoiselle Bijou. It's one of the things I admire most about you." Andr   stood up swiftly. Bijou looked up at him. "It's getting late," he explained.

"I wish you and Hamtaro could try to settle this feud you have," Bijou huffed as she cast her eyes down towards the snow. "I just don't see why you must continue with the incessant fighting."

"It' simple, Bijou," Andr   explained. "Hamtaro has something that I value greatly yet I could never have." Andr   avoided looking at Bijou as he said this. Instead, he focused his eyes on the lake.

"Kindness, Andr  ? Is that what you're talking about, because kindness is not that hard to achieve at all!"

Andr   looked back at Bijou and smiled. "No, it's not kindness that I'm referring to. Anyway, I found your magazine in the parlor," he said as he took out a small velvet box from his coat pocket. "And I noticed all the hearts you had drawn on the image of this."

Bijou tentatively took the box from his hands, their fingers brushing, and she slowly brought the box to her cloaked chest.

"Oh, Andr  ," she breathed, "it's  --I mean--  thank you," she said weakly, staring at the sapphire necklace resting in the box's interior.

"Merry Christmas, ma chere," he said, walking off and leaving her staring at the gift.

End

file.